

fresh, from Gibraltar, I ventured to inform Ms Excellency that it was, and that a group of gentlemen intended to represent A—•— and a couple of his friends, but displaying those extraordinary coats and countenances that Mr. Acker-mann offers monthly as an improvement upon Nature and Nugee, were personages no less eminent than the Dey and his two principal *conseillers d'dtat*. The dull Eleuriz took everything *au pied de lettre*, and after due examination insinuated scepticism. Whereupon I offer renewed arguments to prove the dress to be Moorish. Fleuriz calls a mademoiselle to translate the inscription, but the inscription only proves that they are 'fashions for June'; —at Algiers, I add, appealing to every one whether they had ever seen such beings in London. Six Miss Brackenburys, equally pretty, protest they have not. Heuriz, unable to comprehend *badinage*, gives a Mashallah look of pious resignation, and has bowed to the ground every night since that he has met me.

We came here up the Guadalquivir, and to-morrow proceed by a diligence to Cordova. . . . We have found here a most agreeable friend in Mr. Williams, an English merchant married to a Spanish lady, and considered the greatest connoisseur in paintings in Spain. He has nearly thirty of the finest Murillos. I had a letter to him from Brackenbury. It is astonishing with what kindness he behaves to us. His house is open to us at all times, and we pass our evenings most agreeably sitting in his *patio*, turning over the original drawings of Murillo, while his Spanish sister-in-law, Dolores, sings a *bolero*. It is the mode to call all the ladies here by their Christian name directly you are introduced. So much for Spanish etiquette. On the other hand, my tailor is offended if I do not ask him to take a chair, and always address him. Signer. It is all banished to the lower classes. When he brought home my jacket, he told me his whole fortune was at rny command.¹

Disraeli was enchanted with Murillo. 'Run, my dear fellow, to Seville,' he wrote to Austen, 'and for the first time in your life know what a great artist is — Murillo, Murillo, Murillo ! ' ' The most original of artists,' he says in a letter to Bradenham. 'No man has painted more, or oftener reached the ideal. He never fails. Where can his bad pictures be ?'

I parted with my friend Standish at Seville with regret. He is excessively fantastic¹ and odd, but a good fellow. The

VOL. I — ¹ *Letters*, p. 14.